

THE PLOUGHMAN

From the French of William Chapman.

Beneath the heavy team with shoulders bent
 The ploughman moves across the lonely mead,
 His hardened hands which tell of toil well spent
 Fixed to the plough that now prepares for seed,
 Close to a verdant hill submerged in light,
 His eyes are fixed upon the cherished ground,
 The perfume of the soil ascends with might
 Calmly and slowly furrows to the bound.
 Dreaming, upon his face a smile doth break,
 His ears now seem to hear the sea of grain
 Beneath the scorching sun a joyous rustle make,
 He sees his barns with riches stocked again.
 An angel seems to wait his steps upon,
 And with the Lord he works in unison

The above is a translation of the striking sonnet "Le Laboureur," by William Chapman, one of the most distinguished of our French Canadian poets, whose work has met with wide appreciation in his own country, and marked distinction in France. William Chapman has been a prolific writer and the results of his poetical genius deservedly entitle him to a very high place in Canadian literature.

The French sonnet "Le Laboureur" is included by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee in "A CENTURY OF CANADIAN SONNETS" which contains many of the finest sonnets from the works of Canadian writers.